OLD BOTTLE-GREEN

By HAROLD CARTER.

"This was where the tide of battle first began to turn," said old Bottle-Green to Peter. "This was where we hammered and broke 'em. Set 'em up, and we'll fight it all over again. You can be the Rebs."

"Maybe I'll beat you this time, old Bottle-Green," thought Peter, but he said nothing and began to set up the lead soldiers. For an hour and longer the opposing forces fought tooth and nail with spring guns and chips for shells. Surely enough, the Yankee army reeled back in sore disaster, reeled back as far as the edge of the table, and there died to a man rather than surrender.

"That's because I didn't have Stonewall Jackson," said old Bottle-Green. "You killed him early in the game. You remember. Next time I'll beat you."

Peter crept guiltily out of the house. It was strange how he had first come to play soldiers with Bottle-Green. When Peter's mother first went to live in the village everybody despised Bottle-Green. He wore a bottle-green coat, he tapped his stick fiercely as he went down the street, and everybody was afraid of him. The old man had no friends, and he lived all alone in the white house, except for his negro servant, Amyas.

Peter, fascinated by the old man, crept up to a window and looked in. He saw a big table and a wonderful array of soldiers and artillery. The old man was busily playing one force against another. Smash, smash!

Crept Up to a Window and Looked In.

went the guns, and whole lines went toppling over. Just then old Bottle-Green looked up and saw the little boy. Peter, too terrified to run, stood with bulging eyes. He expected nothing less than to be caught and eaten.

Old Bottle-Green came charging out of the door. "Want a game of soldiers, little boy?" he asked.

Peter nodded.

Old Bottle-Green carried him inside, and the terrified Peter soon found himself playing with zest and having the time of his life. That game the Yankees knocked some word Peter didn't understand out of the Rebs. But the next time they played the Rebs gave as good as they got. And so the fortunes of war swayed for many critical games.

"Mind you, don't tell anybody about it," said old Bottle-Green. "Swear by the password."

"I swear by the Continental congress," answered Peter, lifting up his hand.

"Now you're sworn in, and a soldier," said old Bottle-Green. "Any morning you're passing, step in and have a battle."

Peter's mother never knew what became of Peter on those days. She thought he was playing with some of the boys, Peter kept his fearful secret, conscious that the destinies of the nation depended upon him.

"How is it you haven't any little boys of your own to play with, old Bottle-Green?" asked Peter one day.

Old Bottle-Green scowled fearfully, and opened his gold watch with a snap that sounded like the discharge of a whole park of artillery. Inside was the face of a beautiful woman. It seemed vaguely familiar to Peter, though he did not know where he had seen it.

"She wouldn't have me," answered old Bottle-Green. "She said she was going to be true to her country and marry a Reb, although she loved me better. When you don't get married you aren't allowed to have little boys. So I never had any."

"Oh!" said Peter, thinking he understood.

"So that's why I have to play with you," continued the Bottle-Green. Run away now, and come back tomorrow."

Peter ran away. But he did not come back on the morrow. He did not come back during the week, though every morning old Bottle-Green had the soldiers out ready to play.

"I wonder what's become of Peter?" said old Bottle-Green to black Amyas.

"They do say, sah, that there's a mighty lot of scarlet fever in town," said Amyas diplomatically.

"You blackguard!" roared old Bottle-Green. "How dare you tell me that? Take a week's wages!"

"All right, sah," answered Amyas with a grin.

"Wait! On second thought, run downtown and find out where Peter lives."

"He lives in the big house at the corner, sah," answered Amyas. "There's a sign up over the door."

"What does it say?" demanded Bottle-Green."

"Scarlet fever, sah," answered Amyas.

Ten minutes later old Bottle-Green, attired in his bottle-green tail coat, was interviewing the doctor at the door. The doctor was very grave. Peter had a bad attack, and it was doubtful if he could live through the night.

All that night old Botle-Green sat under the lilac tree at the gate, waiting. When at last the doctor came in the early morning he saw tears on Bottle-Green's withered cheeks. But when he came out his expression set old Bottle-Green to capering—he, Bottle-Green, the recluse, who had glared and tapped so fiercely at the boys and girls at play.

"He'll live now," said the doctor.

"Thank God!" said Bottle-Green reverently.

At last there came a day when Peter was allowed to see visitors. And among the first to come was Bottle-Green, with an enormous box of soldiers under his arm, followed by Amyas, with a folding table. Peter, at an upper window, saw him coming.

"In the name of the Continental congress, peace!" he cried.

"In the name of the Continental congress," answered Bottle-Green.

Old Bottle-Green entered, and in the doorway stood a smiling young lady.

"I know who you are," she said, holding out her hands.

"But I don't know who you are," retorted Bottle-Green, "unless you're Adelaide Cannon, come back to me after these fifty years."

"She was my mother," answered the lady, mystified. "She was the grandmother of Peter. She often spoke of you, of Mr. Clarence Hargreaves—Captain Hargreaves. But surely you are not he?"

"I used to be," said Bottle-Green. And the years seemed to fall away from him, and he straightened his shoulders and felt ashamed of his old coat.

There were tears in the young lady's eyes, and she put her hands in his. "She loved you, Captain Hargreaves," she said. "And she was sorry. As my father's daughter, that is all I am allowed to say. And to think Peter found you!"

"Oh, yes, Peter, of course," mused Bottle-Green.

"You must come often now," said Peter's mother.

"Yes, yes," said Bottle-Green, nodding his head. "Of course." And he ran up the stairs, shouting. "Peter! Peter!"

And just as soon as the folding table could be set up by black Amyas the Rebs and Yankees were fighting a furious battle all over its surface.

IS LAND OF MISFORTUNE

Beautiful Vale of Kashmir Has Through the Ages Had a Record of Natural Calamity.

Beautiful and unforunate is the wonderful vale of Kashmir, lying high among the Himalayas, ringed with gigantic peaks, "clothed in evergreen fir and deodar, the light-green bed of Jehlam strung across its dun breast like a jade necklace, blushing with the ghostly pink of peach and plum blossoms." Kashmir has a persistent record of natural clamity. Jehlam overflows its banks at intervals and sends destroying floods that wipe out whole districts. The giant peaks around the valley stir now and again in their sleep of ages and shake the flats with mighty earthquakes. Famine and cholera kill more than the river and the trembling mountains. Fire frequently sweeps the fields and cities. As one looks up at the hills on either side from the bed of Jehlam it is seen that one slope is covered with cool, dark forest, while the other grows nothing but long grass. A spark in the grass starts the blaze. Among the Himalayas the air is biting cold and the Kashmiri carries a little charcoal brazier under his robe to warm his body. These peripatetic furnaces start many a flame. With a history dotted with such calamitous landmarks, the people of Kashmir have acquired a pessimistic expression and disposition. They are superstitious, too, ascribing all manner of miraculous attributes and fairy inhabitants to the mountain springs.

Mystic and Moneymaker.

Art is the encompassing of the ideal within the limits of the human faculties, and in this sense every Jew is an artist.

It is his quality to discern unexpected possibilities in things—to bring out what is in them, whether the subject of his interest is a piece of music or a gold mine.

That is the key to the paradox of the Jewish character and explains why he is at once a mystic and a moneymaker—a dreamer with an eye to the main chance.

Where the Chauffeurs Go.

One very cold night a small boy attending a church lecture was deeply impressed by that part of the lecture which referred to good boys going to heaven and bad boys ending up elsewhere. On his return home he surprised his mother by saying: "Mother, I don't think the chauffeurs want to go to the good place. When I was coming home from church I heard one automobile driver say to another: 'I know where I am going; I am going where I can keep this old motor hot.'"

End of Romance.

No more shall I hear his footsteps on yonder walk just as the clock strikes eight." "Gracious, Jeannette!" "And the old parlor light will never burn low for him again." "You don't mean it?" "I do; and, furthermore, he will never sit on this sofa three nights a week and call me pet names, as he has been doing for two years." "I am astonished." "And tonight I am going to burn all the old love letters in my chest of drawers." "B-but why? Are you going to discard him?" "Discard him! Why, you goose, I am going to marry him!"

Spain's Fish Production.

The annual production of fish in Spain amounts to nearly $20,000,000 yearly in value. There are 586 steam, and 15,194 sailing vessels engaged in the industry. The annual production of tinned fish is 3,500,000 cases of ten tins to the case. The pack of Portugal is about 1,500,000 cases, and that of France in normal times about 1,000,000 cases. Large quantities of Spanish fish are sent abroad under French and Italian labels.

BREAD MADE IN A HURRY

Just as Good as When Done in the Ordinary Way and Quickly Ready for the Table.

Break two cakes of yeast into one cup of water at blood temperature. Put a tablespoonful of sugar on the yeast to stimulate its quick growth. While this soaks, warm two cupfuls of milk with one cupful of water. This, with the water over the yeast, makes a quart of wetting, sufficient for four loaves.

In a large mixing bowl put several sieves of flour and make a depression in the middle of the flour, into which put a level tablespoonful of salt and a heaping tablespoonful of lard. Pour the liquid and the yeast upon the flour and mix with the hands, working the flour from the outside into the liquid in the middle of the mass. Make a stiff dough and lift the ball out, putting away any remaining flour for future use. If the flour is granular, let the dough lie on the board for ten minutes, covered with a warm bowl, that the flour may properly absorb the moisture. If the flour is not granular, this wait is not necessary.

Now shape the dough without kneading, lay the ball in a buttered bowl, and butter the surface of the dough to keep it soft. Cover and let it double in a warm place, an hour to an hour and a half. If you wish still further to hurry it, set the bowl in warm water and place a smaller bowl of warm water on the lid of the large bowl containing the dough.

When doubled, shape quickly into the baking pans for the second rising and bake when again light. This recipe is excellent for use when one must have bread in a hurry. Half of the dough may be made into crusty rolls.

TO WASH WINDOWS QUICKLY

As in Most Other Cases, There Is a Right and a Wrong Way of Doing It.

Take a large cloth, a yard long, pat it into a close swab like a sponge. Wet soppy, but not dripping, with water. Dent the center and pour in kerosene and sop it into the face of the cloth. With this swab quickly wash the outside of the windows to loosen all flyspecks, dust, old paint or alkaline deposit. Follow at once with a large, soft and dry cloth.

The first cloth leaves it smeary, but the polishing will make it very clean and shiny. This first swab will clean a large number of windows, simply turning so as not to scratch the glass with the dust on it. The polishers need not be renewed until damp.

The windows become very brilliant and clean and there is no freezing of water, or wetting the hands, as gloves can be worn. Especially good in cold or windy weather.

The same method can be used inside. Pure kerosene can also be used, but the above combination appears to more quickly soften the varieties of deposit.

Keep Cupboards Clear.

The majority of women do not seem to realize the danger there is in accumulations in closets. The dust and lint from old clothes are very inflammable. Lighting a match to look for some article in a crowded closet, or taking a candle into such a place often causes fire. Old clothing, rags, waste paper and every sort of rubbish should be cleared out of closets. A spark in a dusty closet has been known to ignite a whole building; even an accumulation under bureaus and sofas is dangerous. If you do discover a fire in your closet close the door and get a bucket of water and a broom. "A wet broom is the best fire extinguisher ever invented," said an official of the fire department. "You can throw a solid sheet of water with it or only a spray; you can beat a fire out with a broom or you can pull down a blazing curtain with it."

Nut Gingerbread.

Cream together one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of lard and one cupful of sugar; add one cupful of good molasses and one cupful of sour cream (one cupful of sour milk may be used in place of the cream); beat thoroughly, then add one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon and a cupful of nut meats that have been cut into small bits; dissolve a small teaspoonful of soda in a little lukewarm water and stir in; use enough flour to make a soft dough that can be rolled; flour the pastry board well and roll out to the thickness of about an inch (if you do not wish a thick cake); cut into squares and cover the top with chopped nuts and a little sugar; bake in a quick oven. If desired, an egg or two may be added to the batter.

Stuffed Onions.

Place eight large Bermuda onions, peeled and washed, in a baking dish. Cover with boiling water slightly salted. Bake them half an hour or till a wire will pierce them, then turn off the water, then with a sharp, thin-bladed knife take out the heart without breaking the outer walls, fill the cavity with minced cold chicken and fine bread crumbs, seasoned with melted butter. Sprinkle crumbs, buttered, over the dish until it almost touches the top of the onions. Cover them and bake half an hour.

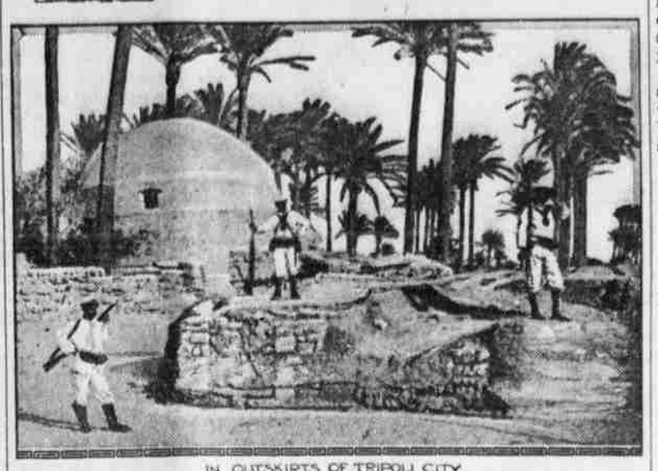
Silver Parfait.

Boil one cupful of sugar in one cupful of water until it threads. Pour it over the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and beat again. When cool add one pint whipped cream, flavor with two teaspoonfuls of any kind of flavoring desired. Pack in ice and salt and let stand until firm. One day for a company dinner I picked a few choice strawberries, mashed in a sieve and added whole, have also added cherries whole, and the effect is very pretty.—Exchange.

Bread Pudding With Onions.

Mix half a pound of breadcrumbs with a teaspoonful of sage, two ounces of onions, pepper and salt, with three-quarters of a pint of milk. Add two eggs well beaten and bake in a quick oven.

TRIPOLI IS FLOURISHING



IN OUTSKIRTS OF TRIPOLI CITY

TRIPOLI, the highly-inflammable land of Arab and Berber, has exchanged its peace-time industries for the industry of war, and according to a statement prepared by the National Geographic society, the newer industry adds little to the normal hazard of Tripolitan life.

Danger is the daily bread and meat of the dweller in Tripoli, and, in this country flecked with occasional oases and fringed with narrow strips of coastal vegetation, even the principal native pursuits for wealth and happiness are accompanied by hidden terror and grave risk. The principal sources of income to Tripolitans are those of sponge gathering, of esparto picking and of carrying on the trans-saharan caravan trade.

Whether the native son seeks to make his "pile" searching the slimy bottom of the Mediterranean for sponges, or gathering esparto grass in the morning mists of the desert, or following the caravan of a thousand camels back from the coast through 1,500 miles of Saharan desert to the distant Sudan, he takes not only his labor and capital for profit but also his health and life. More often than not he reaps disability or death as his reward.

Perils of Sponge Gatherers.

The wild seas that now and again boil over the northern coast of Africa are the smallest part of the sponge diver's hazard. Paralysis is always just ahead of this venturesome laborer who, day by day making foolhardy rapid ascents from the sea bed under press of keen competition, sooner or later experiences the return to shipboard in terrific dizziness, which forms the usual prelude to partial or complete paralysis. Strange as it may seem, many partially-paralyzed divers are able to continue their calling, and the unfitted, helpless cripple in the upper air feels normal circulation return to arms and legs when lowered into the sea on the sponge grounds. And the Arab divers of Tripoli, believing the disease indispensable to the vocation, and inured to hazard in their peculiar fatherland, dive phlegmatically through a few fat seasons until crippled or killed by their chosen trade.

Back in the plateau lands of the Sahara, behind the coastal greens in the silent, treeless, untenanted desert wastes, where the alluring mystery of the desert broods under the blighting heat of day and beckons in fanciful shapes over the dunes at night, stretch vast fields of wiry esparto grass, from which paper is manufactured in great mills in England. In these fields, working for the starvation wage of twenty cents a day or less, picking the grass and tying it in large bales to be loaded on camel trains for Tripoli City, the port of Tripolitania, is another corps of workers who adventure their safety in their work.

Picking the Esparto Grass.

Day begins for the esparto picker in the moonlight of early morning. In the chill of desert morning the picker leaves his nearby shack for the field, and begins his rapid task of breaking the longest wiry blades, leg high, from the most matured clump. And in the heart of these clumps ever and again lurks his danger in the form of his arch enemy, the deadly viper. In the clumps, also, are hidden the venomous North African rock scorpions, whose stings now and again prove fatal. It is the poisonous vipers, however, that make the work of esparto picking a sporting game with death.

Of the $2,000,000 of export trade enjoyed by Tripoli before the war, one-fifth of it was produced by the sponge divers, more than one-third of it by the esparto pickers and considerably more than one-sixth was brought over the wide, treacherous desert from the Sudan. Many caravans, some of a few and some of thousand camels, fitted out in Tripoli, undertook the danger-fraught journeys to the great marts of Sudanese trade—Timbuktu Kano, Kanen, Kuka, Bornu and Wadi. These journeys sometimes lasted two years around, and brought their undertakers into every species of danger that the desert affords. Robbers infest all the lanes across the desert, and, besides these, all the inner desert lies subject to the vengeful caprice of the masked Tuaregs, the strange people who are at war with all who cross their paths and do not pay a sufficient tribute.

The bones of the camels and men of a myriad of caravans of the past bleach along the desert trails, caravans that mostly came to harm at the hands of marauders; but there are some among them destroyed by thirst, by the sand storm or by the water of wells poisoned in inter-tribal wars Of all three risky Tripolitan trades, the caravan trade is the most risky; and the old caravan men will find little in the newer industry of war for which their peace-time labors have not fully prepared them.

HELD ACT WAS JUSTIFIED

Judge Put Himself in the Prisoner's Position and Felt He Would Have Also Slain.

If there was one thing Ossup Mango was partial to, it was a good moving picture. So he settled down in an aisle seat with a sigh of expectation as the eighty-seventh episode of "The Hazards of Hannah" began on the screen.

Just as the note explaining the villain's motive was flashed on, a stout man with all his hair in his whiskers wedged himself in front of Ossup on his way to an inside seat.

"Pshaw, I missed the note!" thought Ossup. "Ah! He's going to blow up the bridge!"

Half a second before the dynamite went off, a thin woman with three babies in her arms got in front of him on her way in.

"And I love explosions, too!" muttered Ossup. But a few minutes later he brightened, for the aeroplane chase started.

All during the chase Ossup was gazing at the back of a fireman who had got wedged between Ossup's knees and the seat in front.

"I know!" thought Ossup. "I'll wait for the second show and see the parts these people have made me miss!" And he did, and during the note scene the thin woman stood in front of him on her way out, the fireman blocked the bridge explosion and the stout man hid the aeroplane chase

It was then that Ossup Mango killed the two ushers who came down to chide him for complaining aloud. But later, the judge who tried him, being a movie fan himself, discharged him with words of commendation.—Indianapolis Star.

The Final Test.

"Can you tell me whether or not our navy is a good one?" asked the anxious citizen.

"Not yet," replied the sarcastic man. "There is such a hopeless difference of opinion regarding our navy that I am going to reserve my own opinion until it goes out and tackles a hostile fleet."

Hits American Trade.

Chinese are becoming so adept in the manufacture of biscuit and crackers that the Hongkong product is beginning to compete with the imported articles, having already worsted competition from Shanghai. This will affect the United States, from which the major portion of biscuit, crackers and cakes for China have been imported.

British Guiana gold mines last year produced 60,733 ounces of gold.

New War Game.

Playing war got three small boys into the Columbus (Ind.) city court. They had been reading the newspapers. They knew eggs were cheaper and also about the latest things in gas bombs. They armed themselves with eggs, playing that they were hand bombs, then lay in ambush to await the coming of the enemy. Just any sort of an enemy would satisfy them. John J. Hosea, manager of the Citizens Telephone company in Columbus, happened to come along with his newly-washed touring car. Clarence Kepley, a friend, was riding with him. The boys decided the car was a battleship or a Taube or something like that, and they opened fire. Eggs spattered the sides of the car. Kepley jumped out of the machine and gave chase. He captured one boy, who confessed and gave the names of his confederates. They were loaded in the car and taken to the city court, where Mayor Volland lectured them.

Printing In Mexico In 1536.

Of almost more interest than anything connected with the Church of Santa Teresa de la Antigua in the City of Mexico is the fact that the first printing press in the new world was established in the corner house adjoining the sacred edifice. It was brought from Europe at the request of Bishop Zumarraga in 1536 by Viceroy Mendoza. The first printer was Juan Paoli of Brescia, Italy, who was sent to Mexico by Comberger, Mrs. John Wesley Butler writes in the Abingdon Press. The Spanish missionaries made good use of the press, which was active nearly a century before a similar establishment was set up in the United States.

Uncanny Knowledge.

The Charlotte Observer says that "there hasn't been a red petticoat in North Carolina since the big sleet." That's entirely too much for any one editor to know.—Nashville Tennessean.

Daily Thought.

The happiness of your life, and its power, and its part or rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now.—Ruskin

WHY HE POSTPONED INQUEST

Pompous Coroner, With Magnified Importance, Could Not Make Slav Understand Him.

There had been a fatal accident at the railway crossing in a town in Iowa, and the coroner, a pompous old chap, who magnified both his office and its incumbent, had impaneled a jury for the inquest.

There was only one witness of the accident, an illiterate Slav laborer, who could understand no English. With him the coroner began to struggle.

"Can you speak English?" he asked.

The man shook his head.

"Can you speak German?"

Again the man shook his head.

"Can you speak Italian?"

The same response.

"Can you speak Russian? Can you speak Swedish?" were the next questions, to both of which the man signified in the negative.

"It's no use, gentlemen," said the coroner, turning to the jury. "We can't proceed with the case. I've spoken to this man in five different languages and can't make him understand me."—Harper's Magazine.

A New One.

Here is another one about these little flivver automobiles that receive so much free advertising. It is going the rounds of a western vaudeville circuit.

The first comedian scratches his left arm violently.

"What is the matter?" asks the second comedian.

"I was out to the —— plant the other day," replies the first one. "Do you suppose one of those things jumped on me?"

Both Satisfied.

"The best thing that ever happened to me," sneered the young man to his former employer, "was when you fired me. I went out and got a regular job."

"That's all right," replied the old boss, "I'm glad you're satisfied. Firing you didn't hurt our firm a particle."

A News Center.

New York Girl—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, Uncle Jabez!

Uncle Jabez—P'raps not in New York. But all yew gotter do in East Windsor Hill is ter drop inter Risley's store fer ten minutes and listen!—Judge.

A Smooth Approach.

"You seem hard worked, sir," said the affable stranger.

"I'm half dead."

"Then I called in the nick of time. I'm selling life insurance. If you're half dead you can't get a policy any too quick."

Something Cheaper.

"How much are these baby carriages?" asked the woman in the store.

"Those are forty-six dollars, ma'am."

"Too expensive."

"But that's a fine carriage, ma'am."

"Well, haven't you anything in baby carriages in the flivver class?"

Ineffective.

First Native (in western town)—I guess that chap won't stay here long; we've insulted him in every way possible since he located here.

Second Native — Nonsense! He doesn't know it. He's been living in New York.—Judge.

Easy Game.

"That dog of yours seems fond of chasing trains."

"Yes."

"I wonder why?"

"Well, he isn't much of a fighter. Trains are about the only things he gets a chance to chase."

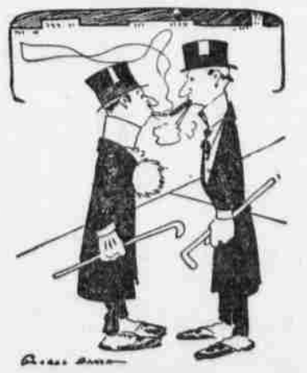
Seeks a Stimulant.

"Jack, I wish you'd come to see me occasionally."

"Why, Vanessa, I thought you were engaged to Algernon Fitzwhistle?"

"No; but I think I could be if I could organize a little brisk competition."

THE SAME WAY.



"How did you feel when you were walking down the church aisle to be married?"

"Do you remember how you felt the first time you got in a barber's chair to be shaved?"

"Never will forget it."

"That's the answer."

The Frenc hsoldiers now occupying Getting Down to Cases.

"I would go to the ends of the earth for you."

"Let us have some plain talk," said the girl. "Am I to understand that you will take me around the world on a wedding trip?"

Hair Tonic Needed.

Lodger—I wish you would put another mattress on my bed.

Landlady—Why, that is a genuine hair mattress you have.

Lodger—Well, perhaps it was once, but it's baldheaded now.

Balm for His Conscience.

Fuzzby—Yes, she's a nice girl, but if you marry her in the hope that she'll one day come into a fortune, won't your conscience trouble you?

Sportlove—Oh, no! Not if she ready gets the money.

HOME TOWN HELPS

BOOST

Boost your city, boost your friend,
Boost the lodge that you attend,
Boost the street on which you're dwelling,
Boost the goods that you are selling,
Boost the people round about you;
They can get along without you,
But success will quicker find them
If they know that you're behind them.

Boost for every forward movement,
Boost for every new improvement,
Boost the man for whom you labor,
Boost the stranger and the neighbor,
Cease to be a chronic knocker,
Cease to be a progress blocker,
If you'd make your city better
Boost it to the final letter.

—Detroit Free Press.

COLOR SCHEMES IN GARDENS

Matter in Which America Might Profit by the Example Set by English Landscape Artists.

Little attention is paid to garden color schemes, less in California than elsewhere, for the reason that everything blooms so riotously here that we deem attempts at control quite unnecessary, says the Los Angeles Times. The English are the great color artists of the garden and they have garden books upon this subject alone. Sometimes colors are used for effects not necessarily allied to harmony, as when yellow is used on points thrust forward to shorten the apparent distance and blue is used to deepen the recesses and make them appear farther in the distance.

Many of the good-sized local gardens have long borders where color schemes could be wrought with annuals or perennials, or with both. Remember two points which may be called fundamentals: White is the one great neutralizer or harmonizer in flowers and gray performs a similar office in foliage. Borders in which white flowers and gray foliage heavily predominate may have any and all colors in harmony so long as they do not mix, but have between them a mere touch of white. Such a peace-maker is often more necessary between shades closely allied than in marked contrasts. Thus with two shades of pink the lighter appears washed and faded in close comparison with a deeper and therefore stronger hue. Even great masses of white relieved by an occasional touch of any color never appear monotonous.

MAIL BOX THAT IS NEAT

Californian Has the Right Idea in the Erection of Receptacle at His Country Home.

Permanency and sightliness are two of the attributes incorporated in an attractive mail box that has been erected by a Californian in front of his country home. The receptacle itself is

about eighteen inches square, is made entirely of copper and fitted with a small door on one side. It is supported on a substantial brick pier, approximately four feet in height, which tapers slightly toward the top. Inasmuch as the residence is a brick bungalow, this type of mail receiver is most appropriate. — Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Arrangement of Street Lamps.

A recent investigation of the relative merits of parallel and staggered arrangement of street lamps is most interesting, since it discloses that from an ornamental viewpoint the former is preferable, while, from a utilitarian viewpoint, the latter is preferable under certain conditions. By parallel arrangement is meant the placing of lamps so that they come opposite each other, while staggered arrangement means that the lamps on one side of a street are placed so as to come half way between those on the opposite side. In general, the staggered arrangement furnishes more uniform illumination. However, where the street width is not much greater than the distance between lamp standards, the parallel arrangement is preferable. In instances where the street width is considerably greater than the spacing of the lamps, the staggered arrangement will give the best results.—Scientific American.

Just to Help Out.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Mr. Dubson to a flustered acquaintance who rushed into a railroad station carrying two large suitcases. "Going away on the choo-choo?"

"Oh, no," answered the acquaintance, in a sarcastic tone. "My sole idea in buying a railway ticket and hastening hither with all the baggage I could stagger under was merely to increase the stir and bustle of this great city."

Indolence.

Hewitt—Gruet is a terribly lazy fellow.

Jewett—Right you are; when his watch stops, he waits 12 hours before he starts it again, to save the trouble of turning the hands.

The Difference.

Bangs—What is the difference between a woman's whist club and a man's poker club?

Wangs—Why, in one you get home to dinner and in the other to breakfast.